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- “ Our eyes are dazzled by the glare of Life ;
We cannot see the sapphire deeps above ;
Our ears are deafened by its ceaseless strife ;
We cannot hear the angels' songs of love.
- “ Dust gathers on our mantles hour by hour ;
We trail our robes in low and sensual things ;
We yield our heart-wealth to the Tempter's power,
And stain the whiteness of the spirit's wings.
- “ We fling the priceless pearl of Faith away,
And count as treasure Earth's corroding dross ;
We bow to idols formed of fragile clay,
But twine few garlands for the Saviour's cross.”
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19. — *The New Priest in Conception Bay.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. In 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 309, 339.

THIS tale challenges our admiration on many grounds, either of which would merit for it a foremost place among works of its class. Its scene is laid in Newfoundland, to most of us an unknown region, and presenting, as is now evinced, unsurpassed materials, whether for the description of nature or the delineation of rare and piquant types of humanity. The pages before us abound in pictures of terraqueous scenery, each a poem by itself, such as could have been written only by one who had the eye and the word-wealth of a true poet. The primitive and hardy mode of life, the incessant exposure to the continuous roughening and frequent perils of the elements, the collision of rival creeds, the isolation of those towns and hamlets from the great centres of opinion, influence, and civilization, — all make the inhabitants of Newfoundland a peculiar people, with strong, jagged prominences of character, with a marvellous blending of the manly and the childish, the shrewd and the simple, the wisdom of matured and treasured experience and the credulity of those to whom nature is a sealed book. A large variety of these native characters are depicted in the story of “The New Priest,” and thrown out into their full prominence on the canvas by contrast with a genuine Yankee who plays a conspicuous part in the development of the plot, with other leading personages of refined and generous nurture, and with the villain of the tale, — a crafty and unscrupulous Jesuit. Our author gives us in his interlocutors the pure Newfoundland dialect, and we confess that much of it can be read aloud only by harsh and ungenial exercise of the vocal organs ; but it is a *patois* so closely characteristic, that we would not have one word of it omitted or translated into the vernacular. There are several characters of singular beauty in the

tale. The "New Priest" himself is thoroughly noble, loyal to his convictions, full of honor and self-sacrifice; and as he is led from the enthralment of a temporary conversion to Romanism, and brought again into a freer religious atmosphere, he awakens our intense sympathy with his inward conflict, and our profound reverence for the intrepidity with which he follows the light of Divine truth. Skipper George has hardly his equal in fictitious literature for ingenuousness, vigor of mind, fortitude in endurance, sweet submission to the will of Heaven, and saintliness of spirit. His daughter — virtually the heroine of the story — unites to all that is beautiful in her father an unstudied maidenly grace, native delicacy, and spontaneous intuition as to all that appertains to the higher nature. The tale is one of unflagging interest, and the several stages of its development are managed with exquisite artistic skill. The lessons, not put into a didactic form, but imbedded in the narrative, are of the highest and holiest. We would qualify our praise, were there anything that claims its abatement; but either there is no material for an unfavorable criticism, or, what is very much the same thing, the author gains such a hold upon his readers as to disarm the critical judgment.

20. — *European Life, Legend, and Landscape*. By an Artist. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1859. 12mo. pp. 154.

THIS is an unpretending book, written by some one who understands no part of author-craft, except the too often omitted part of writing well. It is a note-book of a tour, principally on the most familiar routes of European travel, containing, in easy alternation and commingling, and in about equal proportions, the three elements specified in the title, — "Life" sketched *en passant*, not formally described; "Legend" charmingly told; and "Landscape" vividly pictured. Besides these, and especially characteristic of the volume, are numerous notices of works of art, which, unlike most of such notices, give a plain, succinct account of the works themselves, instead of entertaining us with what we are in no wise concerned to know, the emotions of the author.

21. — *Christian Brotherhood: a Letter to the Hon. Heman Lincoln*. By BARON STOW, D. D., Pastor of the Rowe Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 208.

WE have but one fault to find with this book, namely, that it did